

AN INTRODUCTORY COLLECTION OF REAL FOLK AND TRADITIONAL SONGS

or DIRT: AN EXEGESIS

Acknowledgements

An immeasurable debt of gratitude is due to the fraternity men of UCLA, without whom this would not have been possible; the editors and typists and publishers, (who have selflessly chosen to remain nameless) without whom this would not have been printed; Dean Brugger and the University Administration, without whom this would not be nearly so risky; and the female sex, with whom this would not be necessary.

--The Editors

Table of contents

PART I- Collegiate Songs and Parodies

Page #	Title
1	<u>California Fucking Song</u>
1	<u>The Faggot Golden Bear</u>
2	<u>The Trojans Be Damned</u>
2	<u>Lady in Red</u>
3	<u>Pi Phi's Garter</u>
3	<u>Hanna, My Delta Gamma</u>
3	<u>Roll Me Over</u>
4	<u>Stanford Drinking Song</u>
4	<u>R.O.T.C.</u>
<u>PART II- Traditional Merde</u>	
5	<u>The Gasoline Hauler</u>
5	<u>Campus Hall</u>
6	<u>How the Money Rolls In</u>
6	<u>Come Thanksgiving</u>
6	<u>The Big Black Bull</u>
6	<u>Pancho Villa</u>
7	<u>Seven Old Ladies</u>
7	<u>Goose Mother Rhymes</u>
8	<u>The Ball at Balleymoor</u>
8	<u>Cats on the Roof Top</u>
9	<u>The King's Last Ball</u>
9	<u>Big Fucking Wheel</u>
10	<u>I Used to Work In Chicago</u>
10	<u>Too Bad</u>
10	<u>Barnacle Bill the Sailor</u>
10	<u>Jesus Loves Me</u>
11	<u>Roll Your Leg Over</u>

PART III- Song Parodies

11	<u>The Corn-Holing of Dangerous Dan McGrew</u>
11	<u>My Grandfather's Cock</u>
12	<u>When the End of the Month Rolls Around</u>
12	<u>Red, Red</u>
12	<u>Banging the Crack</u>
12	<u>Bat Shit, Bat Shit</u>

III- Song Parodies (cont.)

Page #	Title
13	<u>Three Old Whores from Canada</u>
13	<u>C. S. Dick</u>
13	<u>When I'm Feeling Low -or- The Masturbation Song</u>
13	<u>My Cunt.</u>
13	<u>Down in Twat Valley</u>
14	<u>The Driver</u>
14	<u>The Whole World In His Hands</u>
14	<u>Westwood High</u>
14	<u>Pubic Hairs</u>
14	<u>Vagina</u>
14	<u>Cool</u>
14	<u>Gee, But It's Great</u>
14	<u>Thanks For The Memory</u>
14	<u>Let Me Call You Sweetheart</u>
15	<u>Bang-Bang Lulu</u>
15	<u>Beta Song</u>
15	<u>Ring-A-Ling</u>
15	<u>Mary Jane Barnes</u>
16	<u>Green Back Pattii</u>
16	<u>M-O-T-H-E-R</u>
17	<u>Puff</u>
17	<u>Mimi the College Widow</u>
17	<u>Frigging in the Rigging</u>
17	<u>Jamaica Farewell</u>
18	<u>Train Song</u>
18	<u>Mother Fucker's Ball</u>
18	<u>These Foolish Things Remind me Of You</u>

19-22 Limericks, with the chorus of "Down by the River Purdee"

[Los Angeles: U.C.L.A. Co-Op House, c. 1965]

General Notes: Wherever possible, the titles of the songs being parodied are given except where it seems quite obvious. The divisions are not exact and there is considerable categorical overlapping.

The basis of this monograph is a song sheet put out under the auspices of several fraternities who shall remain nameless. By far the most part of the material is copied (with the numerous spelling and grammatical mistakes corrected) from that song sheet. There are occasional fillers; they are probably obvious. --- The Editors

S
CALIFORNIA FUCKING SONG (verse) 1

Oh they had a little party up in Lakeport
There was Harry, there was Mary, there was Grace
Oh they had a little party up in Lakeport
And Harry came all over the place.

And they had to carry Harry to the fairy
And the fairy carried Harry to the shore
And the reason that they had to carry Harry to the fairy
Was that Harry couldn't cum any more

Prostitution, prostitution,
Fuck 'em till they cry
Rape 'em till they die
Prostitution, prostitution
Fuck 'em twice or know the reason why

And when the fuck is over, we will buy a box of skins
And fuck for California till it dribbles off our chins
So fuck, tra-la-la, Fuck tra-la-la
Fuck, fuck, fucked last night
Fucked the night before
I'm gonna fuck tonight like I never fucked before
For when I fuck I'm as happy as can be
For I am a member of the hose family

Now the hose family is the best family
That ever came over from old Spermany
There's the anterior fuck and the posterior fuck
The interior fuck and the A-SUC

Sing glorious, victorious, one big cunt for the four of us
Sing glory be to IBM that there are no more of us
For one of us could eat it all alone. Damn near!

Here's to the foreskins, GET FUCKED!

— The horny pricks.

THE FAGGOT GOLDEN BEAR (verse)

The faggot golden bear
Has dyed his pubic hair
He is so queer that when he's near
He's apt to fuck you in the rear

His cock is made of glass
He beats off in gym class
So take your fruity fucking bear
And shove him up your golden ass.

2

THE TROJANS BE DAMNED

F& U.S.C.]

The trojans be damned boys, the trojans be damned.
The trojans be damned boys, the trojans be damned.
If any SC sonofabitch don't like the Blue and Gold,
He can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss a Bear's asshole. [Southern California]

Oh, here's to John McKay, the dirty sonofabitch.
We hope he dies of syphiis combined with the seven-year itch.
If you take his prick as a radius and project his balls in space
You can prove by the law of limits that his asshole is his face.

Harvard's run by Princeton and Princeton's run by Yale
Yale is run by Vassar and Vassar's run by tail.
But from what we hear of Old SC, they run it off by hand
Oh, them masterbating sons of bitches are the assholes of the land.

If I had a little girl I'd dress her all in green
And send her down to East LA to coach the trojan team.
But if I had a little boy I'd dress him all in blue
And he'd yell "TO HELL WITH OLD SC" like his daddy used to do.

Oh, listen all you maidens, oh listen well to me
Don't ever trust a Trojan man an inch above your knee
He'll take you down to East LA and fill you full of fizz
And before the night is over your maidenhead is his.

If we find an SC man within our sacred walls
We'll take him down to East LA and amputate his balls.
And if that doesn't fix him I'll tell you what we'll do
We will stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue.

If I had a prick of steel and balls of shiny brass
I'd find a marble statue and ram it up her ass.
I'd breed a race of giants to roam throughout the land
Just to swell the mighty chorus of the trojans be damned.

LADY IN RED

It was a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar.
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
GET OUT, you can't stay where you are.

She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the (crapper, phonebooth)
And these are the words that he said. (There's no paper in here)

Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways of college men and how they come and go. (mostly go)
Now age has taken her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar (what a gash)
So remember your mothers and sisters boys
And let her sleep under the bar. ('neath the big brass rail)

ROLL ME OVER

I tried it once or twice
and I found it rather nice
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again.

-Chorus-

Roll me over in the clover
Roll me over lay me down and do it
again.

Now this is number one and
I'm buttering up her bun [sub]
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again
(chorus)

Now this is number two
down in front I'm coming through
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again

(chorus)
Now this is number three
fancy friggin', fast and free
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again
(chorus)

Now this is number four
Cut a notch, I'm keeping score
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again
(chorus)

Now this is number five
That's enough, I gotta drive
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again
(chorus)

Now this is number six
and I've got her sucking dicks
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it
again.
(chorus)

Now this is number seven
and it feels like I'm in heaven
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again
(chorus)

Now this is number eight
Never again I'll masturbate
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again
(chorus)

Now this is number nine
Man, this cunt is really fine
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again
(chorus)

Now this is number ten
And we'll start all over again
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again

PI PHI'S GARTER

[Gaga's Cornell Song 8]

High above a Pi Phi's garter,
high above her knee
Lies a Pi Phi's only honor:
her virginity.

So lift her dress up, raise it
high, boys,
Lay her on the grass
All I live for, all I die for,
is good old Pi Phi ass.

High above a Pi Phi's garter,
nestled near her lap,
Lies the thing that we all dread,
Good old Pi Phi clap.

So lift her dress up, raise it
high, boys,
So we all can see
All a Pi Phi has to offer
Our fraternity (dormitory).

HANNA, MY DELTA GAMMA (Tune-Hanna)

Hanna, my Delta Gamma
She's got a twat like a baby grand
piano,
It's so nifty, it's real snifty,
Hanna, my Delta Gamma.

We'll build a fucking bed,
Big enough for two, big enough
My honey, big enough for one, two,
three, four.
And when we're fucking, happy we'll
be, under the fucking,
Under the fucking tree.

Bom-bom bom-bom, bom-bom bom-bom,
Bom-bom, bom-bom, bom-bom bom-bom.

If you'll be M-I-N-E mine, I'll be
T-H-I-N-E thine
And I'll F-U-C-K fuck you all the
T-I-M-E time.

You are the B-E-S-T best of all the
C-H-E-S-T chest

And I'll F-U-C-K fuck you

All the T-I-M-E.

Knock 'em up, fuck 'em up, any old
time

That's where my dick lays, in between
my baby's legs

I screw her all the time to keep in
shape

She wears my silk underwear

I put my peter there

Hey, boys, that's where my cum goes.

(I don't know the tune either--
typist)

STANFORD DRINKING SONG

4

Oh it's wine, wine, wine, that makes you feel so fine
On the farm, on the farm,
Oh it's wine, wine, wine, that makes you feel so fine
On the Leland Stanford Junior farm.

My eyes are dim: I cannot see
I have HEY not HO brought my specs with me.

SIMILARLY:

beer;queer// brandy;dandy// rum;dum// rye;sprye//cocoa;loco//
vodka;hotka// whiskey;frisky// bourbon;burpin// coke;choke//
gin;sin// port;sport// muscatel;feel like hell// vermouth;uncouth//
corn;glad you're born// champagne; gives you such a pain//
hot roast duck;makes you want to fuck//

R.O.T.C. [Tune "My Bonnie"]

Some mothers have sons in the army
Some mothers have sons overseas
So hang up your service flag, mother
Your son's in the R.O.T.C.

CHORUS:

R.O.T.C. It all sounds like horseshit to me, to me
It all sounds like horseshit to me, to me

R.O.T.C. It all sounds like horseshit to me, to me
It all sounds like horseshit to me, to me

They call us the campus commandoes
More boy scouts than soldiers are we
So take down your service flag mother
Your son's in the R.O.T.C.

They give us our-little toy rifles
And tell us to shine them you see
For we are the guardians of the campus
While computing the square root of three

In case of atomic disaster
The ROTC will enmass
They'll protect us from alpha and gamma
With all of the lead in their ass

We stand in our Fauntleroy costumes
And seem so resplendent to be
We look like a full-sized militia
But we're only the R.O.T.C.

(the end)

THE GASOLINE HAULER [No CALLS AT ALL] 5

Husband, dear husband, I tremble with fear,
You've driven that transport for nearly a year
And since you've been driving that gasoline truck
We haven't had time for a good family fuck.

Husband, dear husband, don't be a fool
You've driven that truck till you've ruined your tool
You'd better go hungry for the rest of your life
Than to bring home a prick so soft to your wife.

I was always happy as your little queen
Till you started to haul that damn gasoline
Now you're groggy and can hardly creep
I feel like jazzing and you want to sleep

Each night, dear husband, when we go to bed,
Your intentions are noble but your pecker is dead,
I play with your penis all dripping with gas
But it turns up its nose and crawls up your ass.

If a child should be born, its life would be spoiled
Its brain soaked with gas and its ass would be oiled
And when it grew up, its living to earn
It'd be just like its father, damn hard to learn.

In this cruel world there's only one sin
For which there's no pardon, so never give in
That's when a man becomes so damn mean
That he gives up his fucking to haul gasoline.

I pleaded dear husband, with tears in my eyes
I played with your balls, still your penis won't rise
So I'll get me a man who's fond of his ass
And we'll do the fucking while you haul the gas.

CAMPUS HALL [Name: College Hunting Song]

We go to college, college go we
We have never lost our virginity
We don't use candles
We use axe handles
We are from Campus Hall.

Every year at the Christmas dance
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants
We like to give the freshmen a chance
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, we have our fun
We know exactly the way it's done
We saw the movies in Hygiene 1.
We are from Campus Hall

We go to college, don't we have luck?
We do our work without passing the buck
Come up some time boys, you may be in luck
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, we can be had.
Don't take our word, ask dear old Dad.

He brings his buddies for graduate studies

We are from Campus Hall.

Every night at eleven o'clock
We watch the boatman piss off the dock

We like the way he handles his cock.
We are from Campus Hall.

If you want an easy piece
Come up and fuck the Chancellor's niece

Instead of Kotex she uses bear grease

We are from Campus Hall.

[Tune: My Bonnie]

MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes book on the corner,

My mother makes bathtub gin.

My sister makes love for a dollar

My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My grandmother sells cheap prophylactics

She punctures the heads with a pin

'cause Grandpa gets rich on abortions

My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

My brother's a foreign missionary

He saves fallen women from sin. He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,

My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

My uncle is carving out candles. From wax that's especially soft

He says they come in quite handy

If ever his business falls off.

CHORUS

My cousin is saving up bottles For moments which cause grief. He says they will be quite useful

For the required public relief.

CHORUS

My aunt a noted social worker. Fives services for a fin.

She'll often work on short notice

My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

6

COME THANKSGIVING

Come thanksgiving, come thanksgiving

Save your bread, save your bread

Shove it up a turkey's ass

Shove it up a turkey's ass

Eat the bird, eat the bird.

Come next Christmas, come next Christmas

Take your girl, take your girl

Lay her in a pasture

Lay her in a pasture

Piece on earth, piece on earth.

Come next Easter, come next Easter,

Take an egg, take an egg

Shove it up a rabbit's ass

Shove it up a rabbit's ass

Eat the hair, eat the hare.

THE BIG BLACK BULL

The big black bull come down from the mountain

The big black bull come down from the mountain

Long time ago.

CHORUS:

Long time ago, long time ago.

He spied a heifer in the pasture

He spied a heifer in the pasture

Long time ago.

He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer

He missed his mark and he fbst on the pasture

He wiped his prick on a white birch sapling

The big black bull went back to the mountain

His head hung low but his balls hung lower!

PANCHO VILLA [=Ruptured Cowboy]

My name is Pancho Villa

I have the gonorrhea

I got it from Maria

She gave it to me free-a

And I cannot pee-a.

SEVEN OLD LADIES.

100-1000-1000-1000

Chorus:

Air:— Oh dear, what can the matter be?
 Seven old ladies locked in the lavat'ry
 They were there from Monday 'til Saturday
 Nobody knew they were there.

Verses:

The first to go in was old Mrs. Finn
 Who prided herself on being so thin.
 But when she sat down the poor dear fell in
 And nobody knew she was there

The next to go in was old Mrs. Humphrey
 And when she sat down she found it most comfy.
 She tried to get up but she couldn't get her rump free
 And nobody knew she was there

The third to go in was old Mrs. Sickle
 She hurdled the door 'cause she hadn't a nickle.
 Caught her foot in the bowl what a hell of a pickle
 And nobody knew she was there

The fourth to go in was old Mrs. Murray
 She had to go in a hell of a hurry.
 When she got there it was to late to worry
 And nobody knew she was there

The fifth to go in was old Mrs. Slaughter
 She was the Duke of Effingham's daughter
 She went in to pass off superfluous water
 And nobody knew she was there

The sixth to go in was old Mrs. Bender
 She went in to fix up a broken suspender
 It snapped and injured her feminine gender
 And nobody knew she was there

The last to go in was old Mrs. Brewster
 Her eyesight isn't as good as it uster
 She sat on the handle and swore someone goosed her
 And nobody knew she was there

GOOSE MOTHER RHYMES

Little Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner
 Eating his grandmother

Jack Sprat could eat no fat
 His wife could eat no lean.
 So they ate each other

Jack be nimble
 Jack be quick
 Jack be fucked
 By a candle stick

THE BALL AT BALLEYNOOR

Oh the ball, the ball at Balleynoor
What your wife and my wife were doing on the floor
Singing a why do you lass nich why do you do
A bon do you lass nich becon you do you do.
(Last two lines are chorus)
There was a doing in the parlor and a doing on the stones
You couldn't hear the music for the wheezing and the groans
Singing a(chorus)
The deacon's wife was standing there her butt against the wall;
Put your money on the table, I'm going to do you all
Singing a---(chorus)
The queen was in the parlor eating bread and honey;
The king was in the chamber maid and she was in the money
Singing a (chorus)

They tried it on the garden path and once around the park
And when the candles all burned out they did it in the dark
Singing a (chorus)
Well at first they tried it simple then they tried he and shes
But when the ball was rolling they went at it fives and threes.
Singing a-- (chorus)

The letter carrier was there; the poor man had the pox;
He couldn't do the lassies so he did the little bucks
Singing a (chorus)

[Probably from Oscar
Brdré recording]

CATS ON THE ROOF TOP

8

Cats on the rooftop, cats on the tile,
Cats with the crab and the clap and piles,
Cats with their butts all wreathed in smile,
As they revel in the throes of fornication.
The hippo's rump is big and round, Small ones weigh a thousand pounds, Toy-together-shake the ground, As they revel in the throes of fornication.
The baboon's rear is an eerie sight, There's a glow below like a neon light, And he waves it like a flag in the jungle night, As he revels in the throes of fornication.
The camel has a lot of fun, His night is complete when he is done, He always gets two humps for one, As he revels in the throes of fornication.
The clam is a model of chastity; You can't tell the he from the she, But he can tell and so can she, As they revel in the throes of fornication.
Now the queen bee flits among the trees, Consorting with whomever may please, They fill the land with sons of bees, As they revel in the throes of fornication.
Now the monkey is small and rather slow, Erect he stands just a foot or so, So when he comes it's time to go, As he revels in the throes of fornication.
500 verses all in rhyme, To sit and sing them seems a crime, When we could better spend our time Reveling in the throes of fornication.

[DANIEL] reiteration

THE KING'S LAST BALL

It was the night of the king's last ball
When all the counts and nob'lt accounts
Were gathered in the hall
When in walked Sir Daniel
(with his left ball o'er his right shoulder)

"What ho", said the king;
"Ass Hole", said Sir Daniel

This displeased the king and he ordered Sir Daniel sent to the lions

As the lions were chewing on Sir Daniels left ball, he cried, "It tickles", "What tickles?" cried the king.
"Test tickles," cried Sir Daniel

This pleased the king and he ordered Sir Daniel brought forth, but Sir Daniel slipped on a hot lion's turd and came in fifth.

"Your wish is my command" cried the king. "I want to fuck your daughter," said Sir Daniel.

"You'll have to ask the Queen," cried the king. "Fuck the Queen," cried Sir Daniel, and forty royal knights were stampeded in the rush.

Sir Daniel went up to see the queen, "Roll over you hairy bitch" "Fuck if I will" said the royal queen. "Corn hole if you don't" said the royal ass hole. "Shit" cried the queen, and forty royal knights stooped to poop but nary a turd was heard.

one word. BIG FUCKING WHEEL

There once was a man from
With I over the sea
And this is the tale that he told to me
About a maid with a twat so wide
She never could be satisfied.

So they fashioned for her a big fucking wheel
With balls of brass and a big prick of Steele
The balls of brass were filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam

Around and around went the big fucking wheel
And IN and OUT went the big prick of Steele
Until at last the maid she cried
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied"

But that was not the end of it
There was no way of stopping it
The maid was split from twat to tit

And the whole fucking issue went up in shit.

***** SHAKESPEARE *****
THE CROWN
ON THE ASS [Nero? I see Nero by women
Well, the nipples on her titties
Are big as her thumb
The way she moves her hips
Can make a dead man cum
She's an old cock sucker,
Dirty mother fucker
My gal's a dirty old slut
FUCK!

A fellow named Robert Zweibel
For hours in the bathroom would dwell
The turds that he shit
Would never quite fit
Down the orifice of the toilet's well

[Lim]

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store
I worked in the glove department
I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in for some gloves one day
I asked her what kind she'd adore
Rubber, she said, and rubber I did,
I'll never work there anymore

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store
I worked in the fruit juice department
I did but I don't anymore
A lady came in for some fruit juice one day
I asked her what kind she'd adore
Nectar she said, and nectar I did
I'll never work there anymore.

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store
I worked in the candy department
I did but I don't anymore
A lady came in for some candy one day
I asked her what kind she'd adore
Sucker she said, and sucker I did
I'll never work there anymore.

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store
I worked in the bakery department
I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in for some cake one day
I asked her what kind she'd adore
Layer she said, and layer I did
I'll never work there anymore.

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store
I worked in the meat department
I did but I don't anymore
A lady came in for some meat one day
I asked her what kind she'd adore
Bologna she said but weiner she got
I'll never work there anymore.

TOO BAD [A LETTER TO POSTMASTER] 

Was it you who did pushin'
Put the stains upon the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
Was it your sly woodpecker
That got into my girl Rebecca?
If it was you better leave this town.
It was I who did the pushin'
Put the stains upon the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
But since I got into your daughter
I've had trouble passing water
Now I guess we're even all around.

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR 10

Who's that knocking at my door?
" " " " "
" " " " "
Cried the fair young maiden.
It's only me from over the sea
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor
" " " " "
I'll come down at let you in (3 times)
cried the fair young maiden
Well, open the door, you dirty old whore,
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor
" " " " "
Will you take me to the dance (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
The hell with the dance, pull down your pants
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor
What's that thing between your legs (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
It's only a pole to shove up your hole
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor (2)
What's that spot upon my leg (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
It's only a shot that missed the twat
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor (2)
What if I should have a child (3)
Cried the fair young maiden.
We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor (2)

Jesus loves me, yes I know,
I'm the only one he'll blow.
He will make me safe from sin
Cause my dick's always in him. (W.M.C.)

Twelve apostles, tried and true
None of them ever did screw
That's because they got their kicks
From playing with each others' pricks.

Yes, Jesus loves me
Yes, Jesus loves me
Yes, Jesus loves me.
I'd go to hole for him.

Now I guess we're even all around.

THE CORN-HOLING OF DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW

11

A couple of boys were whooping it up in one of those Yukon halls;
While the boy handling the music box was steadily scratching his balls;
The Fargo Kid had his hand on the box of a lady known as Lou;
And there on the floor on top of a whore was Dangerous Dan McGrew.
When out of the night as black as a bitch and into the din and smoke
Came a shaky old prick right up from the crick with a rusty old load
in his poke.

He elbowed his way through the flea-bitten crowd with his hand at the
crotch of his pants;

He looked like a man with a dose of the syph and the last stages of
St. Vitus' Dance.

His britches were split and covered with spit; it looked like the white
of an egg;

His balls hung low and swung to and fro every time he moved a leg.

His face was as red as a baboon's cock-head as the passion within him
burned;

He rolled out his cock to display to the flock, and every asshole squirmed.
The lights went out! I ducked to the floor. The stranger sprang in the
dark.

His aim was true and the sparks they flew as his donnicker found its mark.
Midst might and main and screams of pain a cry was heard in the room;
There were sighs and moans and farts and groans, and six bodies lay stack-
ed in the gloom.

The lights came on. The stranger arose with a satisfied look on his pan;
And there on the floor with his asshole quite sore lay poor old corn-
holed Dan.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young maidens were little white rabbits
And I were a hare, I'd show them bad habits.

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, o roll your leg over, roll your leg over
the man in the moon.

Similarly, with chorus between each verse:
rushes a growin'/ scythe, I'd set to a mowin';
fish in the ocean/ shark, I would raise a commotion;
sheep in the clover/ ram, I would ram them all over;
little white vixens/ fox, I would chase them and fixem;
grapes on the vine/ plucker, I'd have me a time;
bells in the tower/ sexton, I'd bang on the hour;
bricks in a pile/ mason, I'd lay them in style;
fish in a pool/ shark with a waterproof tool;
B-29's/ fighter, I'd buzz their behinds;
trees in a forest/ woodman, I'd split their clitoris;
flowers in pasture/ bee, I'd leave them in rapture;
bats in a steeple/ bat, there'd be more bats than people;
statues of Venus/ and I were equipped with a petrified penis;
little white foxes/ dog, I'd snap at their boxes

LAST VERSE:

Oh, why are we standing here singing about it? The reason is that we're
doing without it.

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK (Tune: My Grandfather's Clock)

Oh, my grandfather's cock was too large for his jock,
So it hung 90 years on the floor;
It was longer by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was hard on the morn of the day he was born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped short never to go off again
When the old man died.

Tune: When Those Cassettes Go Rolling Along

WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her stance that she's bleeding in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.

(Chorus)

For it's Hi, Hi, Hee in the Kotex industry
Shout out your sizes loud and strong
JUNIOR, REGULAR, SUPER-DUPER, BALE OF HAY
For where e'er we go you will always know
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk that you'll sit at home and talk
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her stench that she is a bleeding wench
When the end of the month roll around.

You can tell by her eyes that there's blood between her thighs
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her pout that her tissue's falling out
When the end of the month rolls around.

RED, RED RUGBY JUG

(Tune of Green, Green)

It's red, red, it's red they say
On the inside of your cunt
It's black, black, it's black they say
And it's beaver that we come to hunt.

I told my mama on tha day I was born
Don't you try and fuck with me
You can beat me off or sit on my face
But a mother fucker I'll never be
Stroke It Now!

BANGING THE CRACK

First you take your balls and you lay 'em out nice;
You swing 'em to the left and you roll 'em to the right;
Stroke 'er up and down kinda nice and light
And then you shove it in and shove it in with all of your might.

She spreads her lovin' legs way out in space,
You hump her up and down with a style and grace
You put it all the way in, and then you bring it back.
And that's what we call bangin' the crack.

RAT SHIT BAT SHIT

Rat shit; bat shit; dirty old twat
69 assholes tied in a knot
Lizard shit; lizard shit; ah fuck!

THREE OLD WHORES FROM CANADA

The first old whore from Canada
said "mine's as big as the sea,
The ships sail in, the ships sail out,
they never bother me."

CHORUS

Rig-a-ma-role, stick in my hole
Geemy, ginny, goo.
Rub your nuts against my guts
and join the whorey crew.

The second old whore from Canada
said, "Mine's as big as the air.
The planes fly in, the planes fly
out,
And never touch a hair."

C.S. DICK

Down from the hills came corkscrew
Dick,
Born to the world with a spiral
prick.
All over the world he did hunt
For a refined young lady with a
spiral cunt.
But when he found her he dropped
dead,
For the sweet young thing had a
left-hand thread.

WHEN I'M FEELING LOW - or - THE MASTURBATION SONG

(Tune: Funiculi, Funicula)

→ Last night I stayed up late to masturbate, O

It felt so good

I knew it would.

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate, O

It felt so nice

I did it twice.

Wow, you should have seen me on the long strokes

It felt so neat

I used my feet

Wow, you should have seen me on the short strokes

It felt so grand

I used my hand.

Pound it, ground it, slam it on the floor
Pump it, hump it, clump it on the door.

There are those perverted souls
Who think that intercourse is grand
But I would rather stay at home
And run it off by hand.

MY CUNT

13

My cunt, my cunt, my country's
calling me;
Asshole, asshole, a soldier I
will be;

Two pis, Two pis, two pistols by
my side;
A whore, a whore, a horsey I will
ride;
A suck, a suck, a success I will
be;
Fork u, fork u, for curiosity.

DOWN IN TWAT VALLEY

(On Top of Old Smokey) ← Tune

'Twas down in Twat Valley
Where maidenheads grow
Where cocksuckers flourish
And the red river flows
'Twas there I met Lulu
The girl I adore....
That hard fucking, cocksucking
Mexican whore!

She'll fuck you and suck you
She'll gnaw on your nuts
And if you're not careful
She'll suck out your guts
She'll fuck for a nickel
Take less or take more
That hard-fucking, cock-sucking
Mexican whore.

→ note original is a Neapolitan bawdy joke

(Chorus
air: La Donn' la m'tile)

THE DRIVER

Driver is a friend of mine
He will do it anytime
For a nickel or a dime
Fifteen cents for overtime
Homosexuality
Fits his personality
Have you had your sex today?
No, I had mine yesterday.

THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

He's got the teeny, weeny peeny
in his hands (3 times)
He's got the whole world
in his hands.

He's got the long, strong dong
in his hands (3 times)
He's got the whole world
in his hands.

He's got the slick, stick prick-
He's got the neatest fetus-
He's got the firm sperm germ-
He's got the cubic pubic-
He's got the phallus of malice-

WESTWOOD HIGH

High above Pacific Waters
Stinking to the sky
Stands a two-bit alma mater
Known as Westwood High

Mighty campus, mighty buildings,
Mighty trees and grass,
You can take your mighty campus
And shove it up your ass

PUBLIC HAIRS [French?]

Pubic hairs, you've got the
cutest little pubic hairs
There are no finer anywhere,
Pubic hair, penis, or vagina,
nothing could be finer

Pubic hairs, it's just like
heaven when I'm in your
underwear,
I didn't need a shave,
I got a mouthful of
Your darling pubic hairs.

14

VAGINA [Repsi Cola?]

Hot vagina for your breakfast
Hot vagina's quite a treat
Hot vagina for your lunch
Hot vagina can't be beat

It's delicious and nutritious
Bite size and ready to eat
So take a tip from Tom
Go and eat your Mom
For hot vagina can't be beat.

COOL

I'm as cool as the tip of an
Eskimo's tool
I'm as cool as a fish in a
frozen pool
I'm as cool as a pane of
frozen glass
I'm as cool as the ring around
a polar bear's ass.

GEE, BUT IT'S GREAT

[Tux Walk My Baby Back Home]
Gee, but it's great
After eating your date
Brushing your teeth with a comb

Gee, but it's fine
After going sixty-nine
To have her come down on your bone

Don't know why [Tux Walk My Baby Back Home]
There's lipstick on my thigh— [ET HATI]
Sloppy blow-job.
[When my girl and me got together]

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Oh, thanks for the memory
Of that night in Singapore
When I laid you on the floor
You said you were a virgin,
But I knew you were a whore
Oh, thank you so much.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART [Tux]

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in bed with you.
Let me pinch your boobies
Til their black and blue
Let me stroke your vulva [.]
Til it's filled with goo.
Let's play hide the weenie
Up your old wazoo.

BANG-BANG LULU (Tune: Good Night, Ladies)

CHORUS

Bang-Bang Lulu
Bang-Bang Lulu
Who you gonna bang on
When Lulu moves away.

Horses wear bridles
Horses wear bits
Lulu wears a halter
To cover up her tits.

Lulu had a boy friend
His name was Diamond Dick
Some girls liked his diamonds
But Lulu liked his prick.

Lulu had a chicken
Lulu had a duck
She put 'em both together
To see if they would fuck.

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
But Lulu works in a little house
With forty other whores

I wish I was a ring
Upon my Lulu's hand
And every time she scratched her ass
I'd see the promised land

Rich girls use Kotex
Poor girls use rags
But Lulu's hole is so damned big
She uses burlap bags

I wish I was an apple
A-hanging on a tree
And every time that Lulu passed
She'd take a bite of me.

Rich girl uses a rubber
Poor girl uses a skin
But Lulu doesn't give a damn
But takes it all the way in

BETA SONG

Down in Bohoggus, Tennessee,
Lived a half-assed family
And the father shoveled horseshit
in the street;
And one day when I was young
He found a diamond in the dung
And a "Beta" I decided I would be.

CHORUS

So stroke! stroke! you master-Betas
Raise your foaming cocks on high
And we'll drink another glass
To the perfect horse's ass
The sisterhood of Beta Theta Pi

15

RING-A-LING (Tune: Sailors Hornpipe)

Ring-a-ling Goddamn
Find a whore if you can
If you can't find a whore
Find a dirty old man
If you're ever in Gibraltar
Take a flying fuck at Walter
Can you do the double-shuffle
When your balls hang low

Do your balls hang low
Do they wobble to and fro
Can you tie 'em in a knot
Can you tie 'em in a bow
Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder
Like a continental soldier
Can you do the double shuffle
When your balls hang low

MARY JANE BARNES

Mary Jane Barnes is the queen of
all the acrobats
She can do the tricks
That'll give the boys the shits
She can shoot green peas
Through her fundamental orifice

She's a great big son-of-a-bitch
'bout twice as big as me
Hair on her ass like branches on
a tree
She can run, jump, fight, fuck
Climb a tree or drive a truck
That's the kind of girl that's
gonna marry me. [Etc.]

A pervert named Ross Caballero
Attempted a small English sparrow
But a feeling of guilt
Caused his penis to wilt:
Besides, the bird's cunt was too
narrow.

(Beta song cont.)

In the chapter room I sit
With my fingers dipped in shit
The shadow of my dork upon the wall
And the actives as they pass
Ram three fingers up my ass
In the memory of Beta Theta Hall.

(chorus)

* * * * *
This place reserved for Co-op
playmate of the month: or, NOTE SOURCE
Five-Finger Exercise time. ← Rofte
Playboy
Instead of a study break, try
a masterbreak.

(Tune: Greenback
Dollar)

GREEN-BACK PATTII

(none)

16

I know a girl named Pattii Anne
She lives in Tarzana town
She's real nice, sugar and spice,
And she does it every time, poor boy,
She does it every time.

(CHORUS)

And she don't give a damn about a contraceptive
Doesn't use 'em anyway
Just hangs around, and goes on down
All you gotta do is pay, poor boy,
All you gotta do is pay.

When Pattii was a little girl
Her parents said to her
If you want to be rich, just be a bitch
Make your living in a bed, poor girl,
Make your living in a bed.

chorus---

When Pattii Anne was twelve years old
She had her first lay
In the barn, under the hay
Is where she had her lay, poor boy,
Is where she had her lay.

chorus---

Now that Pat's a grown girl
She's been down time after time
She's a bitch, but she ain't rich
Pat's only worth a dime, poor boy,
Pat's only worth a dime.

(CHORUS)

M-O-T-H-E-R

GIRL-

M is for the many times you made me
O is for the other times you tried
T is for the tawdry frat house weekends
H is for the horny way you pied
E is for the everlasting passion
R is for the ruin you made of me

Put them all together, they spell mother
That's what I think I'm going to be.

BOY-

F is for your funny correspondence
A is for this answer that I write
T is for the tearful sad occasion
H is for your hope I'll do you right
E is for the ease with which I made you
R is for the roué you fear I'll be
Put them all together, they spell father
And that's a rap you'll never pin on me.

PUFF (none)
(Tune: Puff, the Magic Dragon)

CHORUS:

Oh, Puff the magic fucker
Had a ten foot rod
And all he did all day long
Was stick it into broads
(repeat)

Little layin' Annie
Had a giant twat
But after Puff was through with
her
Her twat was in a knot
(CHORUS)

Together they would travel
Puff and all the girls
They would have a lot of fun
His hair would end up curled
Puff, he had a nickname
They called him Ol' Slick Dick
And on every weekend date
They'd lick his giant prick
(CHORUS)

One gray night it happened
His rod would spring no more
No matter how hard Old Puff tried
He couldn't lay a whore

His head was bowed in sorrow
Cum drops fell like rain
Now it hangs some ten feet down
Gets caught in his shower drain
(CHORUS)

So Puff became a faggot
All the boys he did adore
He would use his ten-foot rod
To take off young men's drawers

The police finally caught him
And locked that iron gate
Now he sits around all day
Does nothing but masturbate.
(CHORUS)

MIMI THE COLLEGE WIDOW

Mimi the college widow,
pride of the university.
Mimi the college widow,
taught all the boys anatomy.
Mimi the college widow,
to know her was to love her
that's for sure (damn sure)
She laid the cornerstone of know-
ledge,
Hell, she laid the whole damn
college,
Mimi the college widow.

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

17

Frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging
There's nothing else to do.

It was on the good ship Venus
My God, you should have seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed
Sucking the captain's penis
(Chorus)

The captain's daughter Mabel
Whenever she was able
Would masturbate the second mate
upon the chartroom table
(chorus)

The cabin boy was chipper
He was a dirty nipper
He lined his ass with broken glass
And circumcized the skipper
(chorus)

The first mate was named Randy
My God, he was a dandy
He jerked his meat as a daily treat
And pissed in the Captain's brandy
(chorus)

It was at the China station
We defeated the Chinese nation
We sank a junk in a sea of punk
Through mutual masturbation.

JAMAICA FAREWELL (none)

Down the way where the twats are gay
And the cunts are hot when they get
juicy
I took a trip on a flying tit
And when I got to Jamaica I got some
pussy.

CHORUS

I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't get laid for many a day
My dick is down, my balls are turning
around

I had to fuck a little whore in
Kingston town.

Down at the whore house you can hear
Whores cry out as on their backs they
lay

Candy cunts, salt-water tit is nice,
And the fucking is fine any time of
year

(CHORUS)

Down the way where the twats are gay
And the fucking whores sway to and fro
I must admit I've bit some tit
And fucked from Maine to Mexico.

18
REFRAINING YOU 'LL REFRAIN SONG (Humoresque)

All passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is in the station - darling I love you

We encourage constipation to pass
While the train is in the station
Moonlight always makes me think of you.

If you wish to pass some water
Kindly call the pullman porter
He'll place a vessel in the vestibule
If a porter isn't here
Try the platform in the rear
The one in front is likely to be full.

If the women's room be taken
Don't be one bit forsaken
Never show a sign of sad defeat
Try the men's room across the hall
And if some man has had the call
He'll kindly relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts appear in vain
Quickly break a window pane
This novel method is used by very few

We go strolling through the park
Goosing statues in the dark
If Sherman's horses can take it so can you.

REFRAIN

MOTHER FUCKER'S BALL

Hey! They're havin' a ball
Where?
At the mother fucker's ball:

Oh, they're havin' a ball at the mother fucker's ball
The wigeons and the pigeons gonna be there all night long
They start passin' out pussy 'bout a quarter to eight
So, mother fuck, mother fuck, don't be late.

Well, I've had it in London, and I've had it in Spain
I've had it on the rock-bound coast of Maine
But the best piece of them all
Was when I got my mother-in-law
Last Saturday night at the mother fucker's ball!

THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU [tune]

Ten pounds of boobie in a
loose brassiere

An old dead fetus on a marble

A twat that twitches like a

slab

moose's ear

A toothless blowjob in a taxi

A dried up cum drop in my

cab

bottle of beer

A great big hard on with a

These foolish things remind me
of you.

syphilitic scab

These foolish things remind me

of you.

DOWN BY THE RIVER PARDEE

19

Down by the river Pardee, Pardee
 Down by the river Pardee
 Where nothing is heard but
 the slush of a turd
 Down by the river Pardee

There once was a young man
 named Dan
 Who was an extraordinary man
 When he got excited
 His prick extracited
 And stretched from Burma to Siam

There was a young girl from Leeds
 Who swallowed a package of seeds
 All kinds of grass
 Grew out of her ass
 And her twat was covered with weeds

There was a young lady from
 Itstwich
 Who took grain to a mill to
 make grist
 But a miller named Jack
 Laid her flat on her back
 And united the organs they
 pissed with

There was a young man from Van
 Horn
 Who never should have been born
 But when his dad shoved it in
 The rubber was thin
 And in one place it was torn

There was a young man named
 McRawls
 Who did his act in town halls
 His favorite trick
 Was to spit on his dick
 And to slide off the stage on
 his balls

There was a young lady from
 Carolina
 Who had a rheostat for a vagina
 She could lay all day
 With a man in Bombay
 While soliciting in Plina

There was a young lady from
 Azores
 Whose cunt was covered with sores
 Not a dog in the street
 Would touch the meat
 That hung in festoons from her
 twat

In the garden of Eden lay Adam
 Stroking the ass of his madame
 He rolled over in mirth
 'Cause he knew on all earth
 There were only two balls, and
 he had 'em

There was a young lady named
 Foster
 Whose parents thought they
 had lost her
 But out on the grass
 Was the print of her ass
 And the knees of the man who
 had crossed her

There was an old man from Rangoon
 Who was born by the light of the
 moon
 He had not the luck
 To be born of a fuck
 But a wet dream scraped up with
 a spoon

There once was a girl from
 Seattle
 Who delighted in sucking off
 cattle
 Then a bull from the South
 Went off in her mouth
 And made her ovaries rattle

A luscious young thing named
 Miss Trevor
 Was cute and exceedingly clever
 To damp her beau's ardor
 She put pins in her garter
 To spike the poor fellow's
 endeavor

✓
 A girl attending Bryn Mawr
 Committed a dreadful faux pas
 She loosened a stay
 In her Decollete
 Exposing her Je Ne Sais Quois

There was a young lady from
 France
 Who walked down the Bus de la
 Canse
 She met a young Turk
 Who got in a good work
 And now she can't button her
 pants

There was a young girl who begat
Three babies named Pat, Nat, and Tat
It was fun in the breeding
But hell in the feeding
When she found there was no tit for
Tat.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who decided her loves were too few
So she walked from her door
With a fig leaf, no more,
And now she's in bed--with the flu.

There once was a man named Bachrach
Who played the viol with his cock
With massive erections
He rendered selections
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There once was a girl from Milpitas
Who had a great yen for coitus
Her athlete friend
Had an itch on his end
And now she has athlete's foetis.

A magnificent lady from Worcester
Once dreamed that a film star sed-
orchester
She awakened to find
It was all in her mind
Just a lump in the mattress that
gorcestor.

There once was a farmer named Fritz
Who planted an acre of tits
They came up in the fall
Pink nipples and all
And by spring he had chewed them to
bits.

There was a young lady from Brussels
Accused of wearing two bustles
She said, "It's not true
It's a thing I shan't do
You're simply observing large muscles".

There once was a pirate named Bates
Who did the fandango on skates
He fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

There once was a girl from Detroit
Who at fucking proved quite adroit
She could contract her vagina
To a pinpoint or finer
Or enlarge it to the size of a quoit,

There once was a man from Nantucket
Whose prick was so long he could suck
it
He said with a grin
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I would
fuck it."

There once was a girl out of Dallas
Who used a dynamite stick for a
phallus
They found her vagina
In North Carolina
And her clitoris in Buckingham
Palace.

There once was a couple named Kelly
Who were found stuck belly to belly
They had in their haste
Used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There once was a hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave
He said, "I'll admit
I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save."

There once was a young man from
Sparta
Who was a phenomenal farter
He could fart anything
From God Save the Queen
To Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

He would fart a Gavotte for a
starter
Then the theme from the Coffee
Cantata
He would boom from his ass
Bach's B Minor Mass
And in counterpoint La Traviatta

There was a young man from Lagore
Whose cock was one inch and no more
It was good for keyholes
And little girl's peeholes
But no good for fucking a whore.

There was a young man in Essene
Who invented a fucking machine
Concave or convex
. It fit either sex
And played with itself in between.

There was a young girl from Paw-
tucket
Who went to hell in a bucket
Who, when asked for a fare
Pulled her dress up in the air
And said, "Play with it, kiss it, use
or fuck it."

There once was a young girl of France
Who boarded a train in a trance
The engineer fucked her
As did the conductor
And the fireman went off in his
pants.

There once was a monk from Siberia
 Who met a nun from Liberia
 He did to that nun
 What had never been done
 And now she's a Mother Superior.

There once was a bishop from Lee
 Who went to the river to pee
 He said "Pax Vobiscum"
 Why won't the piss come
 Could it be I have C.L.A.P.?"
 An oversexed lady named White
 Insists on a dozen a night
 A fellow named Cheddar
 Had the brashness to wed her
 His chance of survival is slight.

A young lad with passions quite gingersy
 Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie
 He pinched her behind
 Then made up his mind
 To add incest to insult to injury.

One night a girl had an affair
 With a fellow all covered with hair
 Then she picked up his hat
 And realized that
 She'd been had by Smokey the Bear.

There once was a monk from Siberia
 Whose life grew drearier and drearier
 He came from his cell
 With a hell of a yell
 And eloped with the mother superior.

There once was a young man from Boston,
 Who bought himself an Austin
 He had room for his ass
 And a gallon of gas
 But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There once was a woman named Brewer
 Who boasted nobody could screw her
 Along came a fink
 With an iron-alloy dink
 And rammed it all the way through her.

From the staid stone walls of St. Giles
 Came a scream that was heard for miles
 Said a monk, "Goodness gracious
 I fear Brother Ignatius
 Has forgotten the recto has piles."

A clever commercial female
 Had prices tattooed on her tail
 And on her behind
 For the sake of the blind
 A duplicate version in Braille.

A pansy who lived in Khartoum
 Took a lesbian up to his room
 And they argued all night
 Over which had the right
 To do what, and with which, and to whom.

A broken-down harlot named Tupps
 Was heard to confess in her cups
 "The height of my folly
 Was wooing a collie
 But I got a nice price for the pups."

There once was a girl from Mobile
 Whose vagina was as hard as steel
 To derive her thrills
 She used diamond drills
 And off-center emery wheels.

There was a young maiden from Siam
 Who said to her lover Khyamm
 "To seduce me of course
 You will have to use force!
 Thank goodness you're stronger than I am."

There was a young lady from Norway
 Who hung by her heels in a doorway
 She told her young man
 "Get off the divan.
 I think I've discovered one more way."

There once was a man from Bel-Air
 Who was fucking his wife on the stair
 The bannister broke
 But he doubled his stroke
 And finished her off in mid-air.

A pretty young maiden from France
 Decided she'd just "take a chance"
 She let herself go
 For an hour so so
 And now all her sisters are aunts.

There was a young lady named Hager
 Who, as the result of a wager
 Consented to fart
 The hole oboe part
 To Mozart's Quartet in F Major.

There once was a man named Grost
 Who had relations with a ghost
 He said with a spasm
 At the height of orgasm
 "I think I can feel it--almost."

There was a Scot named McGherkin
Who was constantly jerking his
gherkin
His wife said, "McGherkin, quit
jerking your gherkin
Your shirkin' your ferkin
YOU BASTARD"

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his erection
Caused a reaction
And wore all his foreskin away

There was a young man named McGee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid
All ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young lady from Thrace
Whose corsets grew too tight to
lace
Her mother said, "Nelly, There's
more in your belly
Then ever got in through your
face"

There was a young lady named Ransome
Who was fucked six times in a
hansom
As she lay on the floor
Panting for more
He cried, "My name's Simpson, not
Sampson"

There was a young lady from Arden
Who was blowing a man in a garden
He said in a huff,
"Do you swallow that stuff?"
She answered him, "Gulp, beg
your pardon?"

There once was a man from Grant's
pass
Whose scrotum was made out of
brass
When his balls clanged togather
They played "Stormy Weather"
And lightning shot out of his ass

There was a young man from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it
bent
To save himself trouble
He put it in double
And in coming -- he went

There was a young lady from
Sidney
Who could take it clear up to
her kidney
But a man from Quebec
Shoved it up to her neck
He had a big one didn't he?

There was a young man from Clyde
Who went in a shithouse and died
And then there's his brother
Who died in another
And now they're interred side by
side

There was a young lady from York
Who was greatly adverse to the
stork
But no matter how firm
She feared no prick's sperm
For she plugged it up first with
a cork

There once was a man from Bel Air
Who tried to bugger a bear
But the beast was a brute
Took a swipe at his root
And left nothing but testes
and hair

The wife of a young man named Bole
Has a sense of humor most droll
To a masquerade ball
She wore nothing at all
And come in as a Parker House
Roll

There was a young man from
Rangoon
Whose farts were heard to the
moon
When you'd least expect 'em
They'd roar from his rectum
With the sound of an eastern
typhoon

The Work Manager gets his
delight
From a game he plays every night
With his penis in hand
He really feels grand
Switching from left hand to
right

MORE RIVER PURDEE (cunt.)

22

There was a Scot named McGherkin
Who was constantly jerking his
gherkin
His wife said, "McGherkin, quit
jerking your gherking
Your shirkin' your ferkin
YOU BASTARD"

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his erection
Caused a reaction
And wore all his foreskin away

There was a young man named McGee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid
All ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young lady from Thrace
Whose corsets grew too tight to
lace
Her mother said, "Nelly, There's
more in your belly
Then ever got in through your
face"

There was a young lady named Ransome
Who was fucked six times in a
hansom
As she lay on the floor
Panting for more
He cried, "My name's Simpson, not
Sampson"

There was a young lady from Arden
Who was blowing a man in a garden
He said in a huff,
'Do you swallow that stuff?'
She answered him, "Gulp, beg
your pardon?"

There once was a man from Grant's
pass
Hose scrotum was made out of
brass
When his balls clanged together
he played "Stormy Weather"
And lightning shot out of his ass

There was a young man from Kent
Hose prick was so long that it
bent
To save himself trouble
He put it in double
And in coming -- he went

There was a young lady from
Sidney
Who could take it clear up to
her kidney
But a man from Quebec
Shoved it up to her neck
He had a big one didn't he?

There was a young man from Clyde
Who went in a shithouse and died
And then there's his brother
Who died in another
And now they're interred side by
side

There was a young lady from York
Who was greatly adverse to the
stork
But no matter how firm
She feared no prick's sperm
For she plugged it up first with
a cork

There once was a man from Bel Air
Who tried to bugger a bear
But the beast was a brute
Took a swipe at his root
And left nothing but testes
and hair

The wife of a young man named Bole
Has a sense of humor most droll
To a masquerade ball
She wore nothing at all
And come in as a Parker House
Roll

There was a young man from
Rangoon
Whose farts were heard to the
moon
When you'd least expect 'em
They'd roar from his rectum
With the sound of an eastern
typhoon

The Work Manager gets his
delight
From a game he plays every night
With his penis in hand
He really feels grand
Switching from left hand to
right

(unrec)

END

DIKIMNATURS

L.A. 1965.

PS. I am interested in any printed matter (pro or con) about the Garrison trial in New Orleans, assuming it is allowed to start, and Oswald doesn't come to life and assassinate Garrison! Many people in Europe are very keyed up about this thing.

(Reuss)

8 February 1968

Dear Dick,

This note thanking you for your thought of me, in sending the UCLA song
folie is this delayed in arriving, because the folie itself just arrived today though
sent at New Years! The French mails are ghastly slow always, but for Xmas they really
lay down on the job! Thank you very much for this collection. I must be losing my
eyesight correcting proofs for Rationale of the Dirty Joke (volume I, of 2, should
be out this summer or fall), as it was not till I was halfway through, and got up to
answer an interruption at the door that I noticed your provenance note and critique
on the back of the first page.

Obviously, everything you say about it is true. The genre is getting crueler and awfuller all the time, without giving any real symptoms of being ready to die. Meanwhile, the folksong revival seems pretty near dead, having been replaced in both America and France by acid-rock, which is obviously intended to be listened to under hash or LSD: anyhow you can't listen to it any other way without going insane -- the hashishins are doubtless insane already: of those who take LSD there is no longer any doubt...that's why they call it psychomimetic anyhow, isn't it? (Catatonic and hebephrenic covers most of those I've seen.)

I suppose it is true about the songsheet this is supposed to be based on, but I would love to find out more about that. Do you have Mr. & Mrs. Seloski's address, or do you suppose I could address him c/o the Law Dept at UCLA? I will be very circumspect until I get a candid answer from them. I never did hear from Don Higginbotham at all (trust that is correctly with an "e" and not an "i"): address was 3117 Wenz Avenue, Waco, Texas. I'll try again if no other address is available. And never had any address at all for J. Fagan, of the Naval folklore paper. Can you help here? Have not yet followed up the limerick supplement at Indiana, as I am not sure who to write to: they would make xeroxes I assume (as the Kinsey's will not...not usually), but how can you xerox index-cards? Is there anyone there I could ask, for a grad-student fee, perhaps, to work of hand or typewritten copies of all these items that the collector said were NOT in The Limerick?

"DIRT"

Assuming you yourself have retained a copy of the UCLA folio, here is a list of the items I consider to be "nonsense" (some people say "fake") probably with the fraternity men or ultimate editors (by pages and titles): 1/ California Fucking Song; The Fagget Golden Bear (both); 3/ Hanna [Not sure about this: last stanza looks authentic]; 6/ Money Rolls In (last two stanzas); 8/ Ball at Balleynoor; Cats on the Roof Top (something phoney about both of these, as they avoid verbal unexpurgated: could these be from Oscar Brand's recordings or other perverted feedback?); 9/ (Incipit:) Well, the nipples on her titties [Authentic, of course. This is the most interesting item to me in the whole folio. I believe it is Negro in origin: there is a recording or tape—which I don't have—on which a Negro woman singer does a song very similar, but breaks up at a line about "The crabs on her ass were..." and I never got the text transcribed, nor heard the rest of it. Powerful rhythm, like a talking-blues.] 10/ Jesus loves me; 12/ Red, Red [Not sure about this]/ 12/ Banging the Crack (probably authentic; what is this rhythm or tune a parody of???) 14/ Pubic Hairs (authentic; what is the tune, "Frenesi"??); 14/ Vagina (authentic; what is this a parody of, Pepsi Cola song, or wet???) / 14/ Let Me Call You Sweetheart (nonsense?)/ 16/ Green-Back Pattie / 17/ Puff; Mimi (??); Jamaica Farewell./Would be interested to know if you concur, Doctor!??!

Best personal wishes, and thanks again. What have you lined up for your own future? Yours,

This song collection was mimeographed by the University Co-Op House at 500 Landfair, UCLA, on the UCLA campus (Los Angeles). The Co-Op House is composed mostly of "emergency" male students, who presumably have economic and housing difficulties of one kind or another. This collection was distributed either in place of or as a supplement to the weekly unsupervised newspaper issued by the Co-Op. It was produced in the [mid-1960s, and this copy was xeroxed from an original owned by Warren Soloski, now a law student at UCLA. His wife, Judith Gaynor Soloski, turned this in to me for duplication purposes on December 6, 1967, at the end of my Introduction to Folklore class. The collection is striking in its concentration on the extremely hostile, aggressive, violent, and obscene college songs to the exclusion of most others.

Richard A. Reuss